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"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.



# Suck

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PAINFUL REFLECTIONS OF THE WAITING STATESMAN.

"Will the boys forget me after all?"



## PUCK.

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## ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS.

IT is now quite in order for the non-aspiring Presidential candidate to avow his purpose clearly and distinctly. Mr. Horatio Seymour, who believes in the early bird catching the worm, as usual was first in the field, and has blasted the hopes of his friends by declining the honor of a nomination a few minutes, more or less, after the swearing-in of Mr. Hayes for his present term.

Mr. Conkling says he thinks Grant is the man for President, which, of course, puts the great Senator from New York entirely out of the race.

Mr. Hendricks won't.

But the only Statesman who is ominously silent on the subject is our dear good Uncle Sammy Tilden.

Can his silence be construed into a consent to graciously accept the 1880 nomination—if he gets it?

Or does he seek to retire from the giddy whirl of politics and cultivate the innocent pleasures that private life affords, in which barrels of money can be used to purchase the esteem and affection of a select circle of friends, instead of being placed at the disposal of mercenary runners of the machine?

We hope not.

But lo! the night approacheth and its mantle falleth gently on the land, and the owl of the wilderness blinketh his eye and waiteth patiently to sally forth under cover of darkness. His perch is unsteady, and the Reform banner of '76 is tattered and trallet in the liquid mud. And there are broken barrels of money and solitude over the scene, and the Hendricks bird flaps its wings and flies away and leaveth his mate in the lurch—and all is dreariness—and the Tilden owl doesn't even hoot nor feel good for a cent.

## THE NEW CONSTI-TOO-TION.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 28th, 1879.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Before you pass any more remarks on the New Constitution of California, will you have the kindness to read both the Old and the New Constitutions?

And if that don't change your opinion, come to California and buy a farm in one of the outlying counties and work it for a year or two; or, if you are poor, come to San Francisco and compete with Chinese labor.

And after that I don't think we shall see any more such remarks in your paper on the New Constitution of California.

Yours respectfully,

A FARMER.

It really seems, Mr. Farmer, that if we adopted either of your suggestions, we might very readily change our opinion of the New Constitution. Such a step on our part would indicate just that degree of softening of the brain which is requisite to incline a man to see in the unbalanced fanaticism of the "New Constitution" a wise and sound principle of state-craft.

We have read your New Constitution, Mr. Farmer, read it, and a great deal about it. And we have also read a great many other constitutions, and a great many books and papers that people must read before they are capable of judging between wisdom and folly in matters so complicated and curious as the ways and works of legislation and suffrage.

And all this reading, which represents a mass of accumulated and formulated wisdom—greater than the wisdom of day-laborers in San Francisco, or the wisdom of up-country farmers, or the wisdom of editors of satirical journals, even—has told us that no law-making can be good or bring good which seeks to relieve the hardship of one class by the wrong of another, or which applies to a dangerous disease a still more dangerous remedy, or which does evil that good may come.

Mr. Farmer, you need to harvest a large crop of that kind of wisdom.

Mr. Farmer, we haven't the slightest objection to being labored with in the cause of truth and right. If our views of the California Constitution can be proved to be wrong, we will gladly change them; and we are quite willing to hear all proper arguments, and to make all necessary investigations. But we think your ideas of our duty, in the way of personal examination and study, are a shade too radical, to say the least.

You ask us to "come to California and buy a farm in one of the outlying counties, and work it for a year." Farmer, good Farmer, our editorial duties prevent—indeed they do.

But you offer us another alternative—"if you are poor, come to San Francisco and compete with Chinese labor."

Beloved Farmer, apart from the fact that we are Millionaires, we don't see that we are in any way called upon to compete with Chinese labor. We don't want to. We have no pride in the matter. We acknowledge frankly that any Chinaman can beat us at doing up shirt-bosoms, and we never were really first-class hands as starch-slingers. We will give in, right off, on the question of entering into competition with Chinese labor.

TALMAGE mortgaged the Tabernacle organ to pay the expenses of his European trip. He had better have executed a bond on his chin.

CLEANLINESS is next to godliness, but a man feels like letting both slide when he is cleaning his teeth vigorously, and the brush slips and strikes him in the gums with the force of a sledge-hammer.

## Puckerings.

THIS is June. That is sarcasm.

THE porous plaster now commences to assert itself.

HISTORY repeats: so do radishes—only more so.

"OLD PROBABILITIES" gets a divvy out of the hatters.

THE *Tribune's* "Bourbon Ballads" have inspired a "Croffut Cocktail."

MR. HAYES and his back-bone are both doing as well as can be expected.

THE corpse of the man awaits recognition who asked his banker for Pinafore per cents.

"INQUIRER" is informed that this is *not* the season for the conflagration among the summer hotels.

OH, but this English is a peculiar language! We use dusters to catch the dust, and dusters to brush the dust away.

BILLY BEAUFORT, the Duke of Florence, Mr. John Reid, and Sir Edward Sothern have gone to hunt for Salmon in Canada.

IT was of a dear girl who doted on onion salad that it was written, "She carried her ruling passion strong in breath."

ASPEN LEAF.—Yes! PUCK is a terror to evil-doers, but he is established on a solid basis and is a terra firma in the hearts of right-minded people than any other paper.

IN the days of the Inquisition the thumb-screw was a dreaded instrument of torture, but it never inspired more terror in the hearts of the innocent than the *Pol(ice) crew* (D'ye tumble?) of our metropolis.

THE peculiar characteristic of the Irish flea is that you put your finger on him and he isn't there. The peculiar characteristic of the Russian Nihilist is that you put your finger on him and *you* aren't there.

CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases. The man who is on the train thinks it tarries too long at way stations; not so the one who is half a block away and coming rapidly towards it when the whistle toots.

MR. SMILEY (*reading*):—It is now made known that the late Alfred de Brown died intestate.

MRS. SMILEY (*as usual, a little mixed*):—Sakes alive, Elijah, who ever would have thought it; him as used to ride in his horses and carriages, and holded up his head so high. And his wife, too, the haughty minx, perhaps she'll notice folks now. What's that? "Intestate" means died without leaving a will, *does it?* I'll thank you not to correct my orthepology, Mr. Smiley. My eddication was paid for.

## NOTICE.

Numbers 76 and 88 of PUCK will be bought at this office, 21 & 23 Warren Street, at 10 cents per copy.



## HOW OUR CRIMINALS ARE NOT KEPT.

HERE is a sort of juggling with our criminal classes, which the police and the jail-keepers indulge in, which is very interesting news to read over our breakfast-tables when nicely served up to us by the reporter, but which does not tend to make the non-criminal classes feel more secure in their property or their lives. This catching of a set of burglars with one hand and tossing up another set into the open air, is very fine as an act of prestidigitation; but meanwhile more banks are burst, more highway robberies are committed, and more pockets are feloniously investigated by the fingers of the peculator.

But the worst of the matter is that it is all a business affair; that the big operator in thieving feels a sort of security in the power his money has over wardens and keepers to secure his liberty, when the verdict of juries and the sentence of judges hedge him in too closely.

The unfortunate Lazarus who filches a stale loaf from the baker's counter never escapes from his prison walls, but the daring operator who robs a bank of millions breaks down the stones which environ him, with a golden hammer, and walks forth into freedom—and more burglaries.

The stupidity of the police is proverbial; but why should they not be stupid? Why should they be ferrets to discover criminals and tigers to clutch them, if the criminals are to be merely put into jails from which they can escape whenever they wish. How can we rejoice over Captain Byrne's very clever arrest of the Manhattan Bank burglars, if these latter gentry are to walk out of the Tombs some fine morning.

It has come to that pass where, if we are to feel secure, the honest public must put up its money and outbid the burglarious fraternity.

There should be a tariff of prices for escapes, graduated according to the importance of the criminal and the value of his swag. As for instance:

For a "Prince of Burglars" .....	\$8,150.00
For a "King of Bank Busters" .....	7,375.00
For a "celebrated" pickpocket .....	3,225.00
For a well-known sneakthief .....	2,980.00
For a daring shop-liftness .....	1,025.00
For a "young kid" of promise .....	2.50

The odd dollars in the above tariff are to be paid to flunkies and underlings who can be kept quiet if they get their beer; the bigger sums to go to wardens who wear diamonds and live in brown-stone houses, on salaries which the ordinary citizen would find all too insufficient to pay his expenses in a tenement house. The well-understood practice of detectives in negotiating with great burglars and dividing with them is far less noxious to the well-being of society than this opening of doors to criminals arrested and sentenced. The picture of a lot of his confederates bursting into Mr. "Red" Leary's cell through the walls of two buildings, and no keeper to hear, has its tragic as well as its comic side; the tragedy view rather more appreciable by the next cashier who is choked into suffocation while Mr. "Red" Leary and his gang get away with the dollars.

And the kindness with which doors are opened in this hot weather; and great criminals are allowed to roam into insecure kitchens to make coffee and prepare other delicacies of the table; are even allowed to meander—(how's meander? isn't it good?)—about the jail yard to do landscape gardening—all these evidences of the sympathy—the fellow feeling, for a distinguished criminal which are shown by the average warden and keeper, denote either a high degree of Christian charity in the jailor's hearts or an appreciation of and a greed for spondoolix in the jailor's fists.

We incline to believe it is the spondoolix.

Sharkey, Tweed, Porter, Irving, Red Leary

and others have all, in their day, escaped. McMulligan, Hoffnagel and Peleg Dusenberry, who have filched a coat or been found disorderly, never did and never will escape.

Is it not almost time for us either to make our jails secure against the greed of turnkeys; or shall we do away with the force of employing, at great expense, judges, juries and all the paraphernalia of courts of law, merely that the turnkeys may be bribed?

The good cook said, in reference to the culinary operations on a hare: "first catch your hare." If she had known how things slip from the grasp after being caught, she might have added "and keep it."

So what is the use of catching criminals if we can't keep them when caught?

## THE DEMOCRATIC ASS.

IN the train which carries this number of PUCK to the anxious legislators in Washington, are also our heart-felt sympathies to the defunct Democracy. When it started into its extra-session as a sort of General Boum, with great bluster and braggadocio, we discovered the hoofs and the ears of the animal beneath the gorgeous trappings of the General.

The flourish of trumpets and the rolling of drums with which the Democratic majority went into its extra-session, determined to pound all the life out of the Republican party, made the injudicious griever; but it made Puck howl with laughter. And the record of the past few months shows that we had reason for our mirth. There is no enemy to future success like present failure; and the young voter, just stepping into the arena of politics, will hardly array himself on the side of the defeated—the defeated through their own stupidity. The Democratic Ass has brayed loudly, but it is not as the victorious roar of the king of beasts; and the bray elicits rather our chuckles than our admiration.

Were the Democrats to set up as surgeons, we might admire their skill, for they have achieved, to their own discomfiture, however, a hitherto unheard of feat of surgical skill, and have put a back-bone in the President; which kindness he has had the unkindness to reward them for, by breaking the Democratic back-bone with three several and very ponderous vetoes.

Whereat the Southern Democratic mule lifts his rear-ward heels at the Northern Democratic Ass, who brays defiance, yet is indefinite in his threats; while the hard and soft money donkey would repudiate their Democratic origin entirely, if they only knew whither to go.

We have seen a small boy steal a ride on a bob-tailed car unawed by the terrible language of the driver in his iron cage in front; and only induced to leave his perch on the step when the driver stopped his car and went for the infant with a whip. Then the kid skipped into a door-way out of harm's way, only until the driver resumed his duties, when the child also resumed his perch, and with more or less of this by-play the amoozing little cuss secured his ride without the payment of the usual nickel.

Here the driver was the majority and the small kid was the minority.

It is the story of the triumph of smartness.

As a fond parent feels it his duty to punish the child he loves, so we feel called upon to tell our dear Democratic brethren not to make an Ass of themselves; that is, not to send themselves to Congress in the outward semblance of an Ass.

Surely, there are statesmen among the Democrats. Where are they? Trot 'em out. This is the season of circuses; what a circus it would be to see a grand entrée of real Democrats who were not politicians, but statesmen.

## THE DOOK OF ARGYLE.

THE arrival of Mr. Mac Callum More, a prominent member of the ducal trade with some interesting specimens of his family, has had the effect of creating a lively interest in the essentially British ornamentation known as dooks, in general, and this dook in particular.

Mr. More is entitled to a fair amount of respect, certainly not because he is called or chooses to call himself a dook, but on account of his very respectable literary attainments, and from the fact of his having made a very decent member of a liberal English Cabinet. The strongest point against Mr. More is that he, and his sons and daughters rather pride themselves on his silly, demoralizing, menacing, hereditary titles, so offensive to all thinking people in a free Republic.

The Campbells have always been a shrewd, canny race, and have invariably managed to stick to the victorious party. The family in common with a large number of other so-called royal and noble houses can boast of having had its fair share of choice blackguards and traitors, if that be anything to be proud of.

We do not know the precise object of the visit of Mr. Mac Callum More, this gentleman being exceedingly reticent on the subject; but we have little doubt it is for the purpose of administering a good paternal spanking to his eldest son, the young gentleman known as Dr. Lorne, who is doing his level best—which doesn't say much—to govern Canada.

We hope that the rod will be judiciously applied, and it may have the effect of preventing the youthful Dr. Lorne from flying in the face of his responsible advisers, and deter his wife, Mrs. Lorne, and Mr. Colonel Littleton from issuing any more low-necked ukases.

A large number of correspondents are excessively anxious to know some particulars of the rank and career of his present dookship, Mr. Mac Cullum More. We have, therefore, much pleasure in placing the following facts, gathered at a very considerable outlay, at their disposal.

Mr. Mac Cullum-More is a dook and is eighteen feet high. He is a lineal descendent of Commodore Noah of Ark fame, the "N" in the course of ages having become corrupted into an "M", and the spelling also altered.

He is sometimes called the dook of Argyle, on account, it is said, with what truth we know not, of his penchant, as a youth, for dancing at the Argyle rooms, a well known London institution which last year passed out of existence.

Mr. More has two canary-colored eyes, and an extra ducal Magenta one, which he only trots out on state occasions. His wink is reported to be very terrible. He is passionately devoted to Haggis, and always eats it with a fork and crowbar.

He breakfasts on ice-burges and bar-iron; the iron being cut into thin slices and fried, à la Marengo, in croton oil. This wholesome but rather rough diet accounts for the dook's strong liberalism.

From time immemorial Mr. More has been hereditary grand toothpick-holder to the monarchs of England. He is much attached to the Tower of London, the Queen's summer residence, and has a perfect bijou of a bedroom 1,400 feet below the lowest dungeon of that remarkable fortress.

The dook always carries the crown of England in his waistcoat pocket, in order to have it handy for the Queen to put on when she wishes to scare any Radical who may be hanging around. His country seat is called Balmoral—named after Mrs. More's petticoats and once fashionable boots.

Take him for all in all, Mr. MacCullum More is the sort of a man that Great Britain couldn't very well get along without.



## REFORMATION.



MY song is of two wicked wights,  
The one named John, the other Franky,  
Who spent their days, and also nights,  
In wicked games of hanky panky.

They scorned the simple joys of home,  
Eschewed weak tea and cake delicious.  
They loved about the streets to roam;  
Their ways were dark, their actions vicious.

In vain their friends would sermonize,  
And hint to them a sad hereafter;  
Invariably they'd wink their eyes,  
And hurry off with smothered laughter.

They'd scoff at holy things, and laugh  
At that good man, dear Parson Spinnit;  
They'd go to gay saloons and quaff  
Strong lemonade with whiskey in it.

Their language, too, was far from choice;  
They'd oft say "darn!" and even "blasted!"  
These they'd exclaim in bold, loud voice,  
Quite reckless while their passion lasted.

To naughty plays they'd nightly go,  
Forgetful of their souls' salvation,  
Throw bouquets to Miss So-and-so,  
All heedless of their reputation.

They'd played at keno and at loo,  
At faro, billiards and draw-poker;  
And oft at three-card monte, too,  
They'd tried to guess the little joker.

Their precious years of youth thus spent  
In idleness and empty pleasure,  
A middle age without a cent—  
Their follies they repent at leisure.

"Alas," says Jack, "we're in the lurch,  
We must be good and practice piety,  
Get married well and join the church,  
And take our places in society."

They dressed themselves in sober black,  
Assumed a look of Christian meekness;  
When others sinned they cried "Alack!"  
And wept for erring mortals' weakness.

And ever after that blest day  
John lived a sober life and wiser,  
He prospered and grew rich, they say,  
And died a deacon and a miser.

A wealthy dame of three score years  
Took Frank for husband and protector.  
He's happy now, no want he fears,  
For he's been made a bank director.

FRANK I. CLARKE.

## TWO SISTER ARTS.

MR. THOMAS M. HIGGINS, Comedian, as he proudly signs himself, has favored us with a communication and a couple of enclosures to all of which we gladly give place.

Mr. Higgins, it will be seen, has, in the intervals of his devotion to the study and practice of comedy, composed a "pome," which he, with a modest ignorance of his own merits, humbly requests us to print.

Did Mr. Higgins but know the holy joy with which our being has been thrilled as we perused his "pome," he would feel no doubt as to our willingness—nay, our eagerness, to publish it.

We do not think Mr. Higgins has any adequate conception of the serene delight with which we can not fail to view every new indication of that broad and liberal spirit of culture that tends to knit more firmly the bonds that unite the sister arts of Poetry and Comedy—Song and Dance, as it were.

Whatever stigma of ignorance or intellectual narrowness may hitherto have rested upon the dramatic profession, one cannot but feel that it is in a fair way to be removed. With Wal-

lacks, Coghlands, Broughams and Boucicaults for our dramatists, Merediths for our lecturers, Bernhardtts for our sculptresses, Jeffersons for our artists and Thomas M. Higginses for our poets, what may we not hope for the future of an art that holds all others within its grasp? The gilded halls of Culture may no longer smile superciliously on the Greenroom; the day is dawning when every theatre shall be its own Boston.

We reprint Mr. Higgins's letter in all its simple beauty.

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 30th, 1879.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Inclosed you will find a pome Written by me entitled, If you cant praise your neighbor dont name him at all. by publishing it in your valuable paper (PUCK) you will greatly Oblige me and i will send you some others very soon hoping that you will grant me this request of mine

I Remain Your Truly

THOMAS M. HIGGINS

Comedian.

And we also make room for the programme which he encloses as a (wholly unnecessary) voucher for his professional and artistic standing. We think that the programme, regarded simply as a piece of literature, will be interesting to our readers; we think that they may feel something of the sweet elation and exaltation of spirit which its study afforded us.

## ADELPHIA THEATRE.

(QUINCY, ILLS.)

LAIRD BROTHERS.....Proprietors  
J. H. COOKE.....Business and Stage Manager  
PROF. HELMS.....Leader of Orchestra

## PROGRAMME THIS EVENING.

PART FIRST.

## OUR MINSTRELS.

Introductory Overture.....Minstrels  
See that My Grave's Kept Green.....Miss Fanny Hasson  
Rock Me, Susie.....Mr. Chas. Eccles  
Going Home to Dixie.....Mr. J. H. Cooke  
Kiss Me Again.....Miss Jennie Miaco  
Run, Mary Run.....Mr. Billy Pierce  
My Grandfather's Clock.....Miss Georgia Livingstone  
Baby Mine.....Miss Ida Harrison  
Grand Finale.....Company

## PART SECOND.

OVERTURE.....Orchestra

MISS FANNY HASSON,

In Serio-Comic Selections.

McCLURE BROS.,

In their Songs and Dances.

MR. J. H. COOKE,

In Selections of Beautiful Ballads.

First appearance of the acknowledged Champion Skipping Rope,  
Jig, and refined Song and Dance Artiste,  
MISS JENNIE MIACO,

Possessing voice, style, grace, and all the requisite accomplishments of the perfect artiste, whose wonderful Terpsichorean execution never fails to please her host of admirers. A lady who has gained a name and reputation such as few in the profession can boast of.

OVERTURE.....Orchestra

MR. CHAS. ECCLES' SKETCH,

## THE OLD CABIN HOME.

Uncle Joe.....Chas. Eccles  
\*Hannah.....Tom Higgins\*

SHANNAHAN AND PIERCE,

In Acrobatic Song and Dance.

Miss IDA HARRISON, in her Specialties.

McCLURE BROS., in their Beautiful Clog Exercise.

OVERTURE.....Orchestra

Miss JENNIE MIACO,

The Great Entertainer in Serio-Comic Songs.

SHANNAHAN AND PIERCE,

In their Silver Shower Clog.

OVERTURE.....Orchestra

To conclude with the Laughable Farce, entitled,

## ELECTED TO OFFICE.

Squire Grab.....J. H. Cooke

Jake, a servant.....Chas. Eccles

Chas. Jones.....Billy McClure

Jim Chase.....Tom McClure

Jane Smith.....Miss Georgia Livingstone

\*Rube Smith.....Tom Higgins\*

Entire Change of Programme Monday and Thursday.

Admission.....25 and 35 Cents.

Monday Evening, Sept. 30,

THE GREAT D'ALVE SISTERS.

And now we append Mr. Higgins's "pome." The reader will observe that it is, to a certain extent, didactic in style, yet, in spite of the arbitrary decrees of critics who have declared metaphysical speculations and the consideration of questions of moral ethics to be outside of the legitimate limits of poetry, we feel sure that the strange and delicate charm of Mr. Thomas M. Higgins's verse cannot but meet with the refined appreciation which alone can gratify the soul of a true comedian.

## IF YOU CANT PRAISE YOUR NEIGHBOR DONT NAME HIM AT ALL.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS M. HIGGINS, COMEDIAN.

1 verse.

A wise and good maxim my father taught me,  
When i was a child and played round his knee;  
And oft in my life his words I recall,  
"If you cant praise you neighbor dont name him at all;

2 verse

And, too, my kind mother this always told me,  
Speak well of my neigh bors, and then you will see  
That, needing a friend, on you they will call.  
For if you cant praise your neighbor you, not name him at all;

3 verse

And in Judging ot others we mortals are prone.  
To talk of their faults, without heeding our own;  
And this little rule should be treasured by all,  
"If you cant praise your neighbor dont name him at all,"

4 verse

Men,s deeds are compounded of glory and shame,  
And shurely, tis sweeter to praise than to blame;  
Perfection been never since Adams sad fall;  
"If you cant praise your neighbor dont name him at all.

5 verse

Remember ye cynic,s the mote and the beam,  
And pause in your fault finding and ponder this theme;  
Who has the least charity is the quickest will fall;  
"If you cant praise you neighbor dont name him at all."

6 verse

If we would endeavor our faults to mend  
We,d have all the work we could attend,  
Then let us be open to charity,s call;  
"If you cant praise your neighbor dont name him at all,"

## AWAITS CONFIRMATION.

BROOKLYN, June 2d '79.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

A rumor comes from Bridgeport, Conn., that when the train containing the 13th regiment, on its return from the bloodless battle in Canada, stopped at that station, Chaplain Beecher, in attempting to throw a kiss to a pretty damsel on the platform, dropped his false teeth out of the car window, and would have been compelled to return to Brooklyn without them, had it not been for the gallant action of Col. Dave Austen, who, at the risk of his valuable life, jumped from the car and rescued his chaplain's pie-smashers from the clutches of a small bootblack, who was about to sell the trophy to the highest bidder. Not having been an eye-witness of the above occurrence, I cannot vouch for its truth, but I can assure you that it came from a reliable source.

Yours truly,

13th VETERAN.

## A COPP-ITAL SUGGESTION.

NEW YORK, May 31st, 1879.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I notice you express a desire to decorate Captain Williams's grave. Don't you think the locust flower would be appropriate?

Yours,

A. C. MURPHY.



## THE YOUNG WOMAN WITH TWO LOVERS AND A HORSECOLLAR.

A NEW TALE WITH AN OLD MORAL.



This is Mr. Philemon G. Haskins, candidate for Supervisor of the town of South Jonesville Junction. He is driving to see Miss Lobelia Maria Smith, the belle of the town, to whom he is engaged;



But in secret. For she had said to him: "Philemon, though I love you ardently, I have pledged my troth to Anaximander M'Guffin, your rival at the polls; and we must keep quiet until I can taper him off."



Hence they were much horrified when, one day, the step of M'Guffin was heard on the stairway; and Lobelia had only time to hustle the other candidate for Supervisor



Into a closet, when M'Guffin entered, with an expression of agony upon his face. "He has dropped," thought Lobelia, "to the fact that I am but playing him until after election."



He said not a word, but slumped down into a chair, and hid his face upon the table. His mien was tragical. "Oh! if I only knew which was going to be Supervisor!" meditated Lobelia.



Suddenly the M'Guffin arose. "I can bear it no longer!" he shouted. "Oh! Anaximander!" shrieked Lobelia. "This day shall end it!" cried M'Guffin. "I will have this dod-binged tooth out."



Lovely woman is ever a comforter. Lobelia put his feet in a mustard bath, and gave him an inhalation, with a dish-rag over his head. Then Mr. Haskins slipped from his retirement and went home.



And the next day Lobelia presented Haskins's horse with a long-range-jingling collar and bells, and said to M'Guffin: "Now you'll know when that old fool Haskins is coming round."



And to Haskins she said: "My love, when I hear you approaching, and *he* is here, I'll hang a dish-rag out the window, to warn you."

MORAL: Make up to a deaf woman, blind in one eye.



## THE LESSON OF THE LILIES.



LD BINKS was a bad man.

He was one of that mystic fraternity who are sent for when one wants a new shelf in the pantry, or a partition put up, or something of that sort. He was one of those men who, when thus sent for, first take about two hours and a half in erecting a stylish looking work-bench, and then another half hour or so in planing a piece of board very smooth indeed, and still another half hour in covering the surface with abstruse calculations as to the quantity of lumber requisite for the job, and the first mathematical angle to enter the first saw-cut—all of which are good for the dignity of labor and the mental recreation of the workingman. Then he scratches his head and chews a bit of shaving, and says he guesses "that there shelf will want a moulding onto it," and goes home to get the requisite tools, from which expedition he does not return until time to eat his frugal lunch, which he does in a solemn manner, sitting on his new work-bench, and meditating on all the things he can do before he goes to work in the afternoon.

But to resume:

He was a carpenter. Unlike another celebrated carpenter, his name was not Joseph, and his wife's name was not Mary, and he not only had one son, but three. His name was John Benjamin, and he belonged to the trades union and drank five-cent whiskey.

He was a bad man, but his wife was a good woman, and went every Sunday to church, and took a seat anywhere, and was not the least envious of all the fine ladies who rustled in silks and satins. She only prayed that they might be brought to a sense of the vanity of their ways. And, my dear children, you must always pray thus when other people are well-dressed and you are not.

It was always a great grief to this good woman that she never could induce her husband to attend a place of worship with her. But one morning she came with tears in her eyes and said it was the anniversary of their wedding-day, and would he not go for once? Binks growled and said he would, only he had nothing—such was his irreverent way of speaking—"to put in the hat." Then the poor woman was overjoyed, and taking one of her husband's planes from his tool-chest, slipped through a private door to a relative of hers—an uncle—who gave her fifty cents for the tool. (And for this kind act let us hope this old Hebrew gentleman may repent before it is too late, for, alas! there is a door harder to enter than even the Grand Union at Saratoga.) Then this good woman came back and said, "Now, my dear husband, thou canst come with me, for I have got the money for the contribution." And Binks said that was plain to be seen, though the plane wasn't. Which was very atrocious of Binks, and worse than even his bitterest enemy would have accused him of.

However, he took the fifty cents, and with an old centennial medal lying beside it in his pocket went to church, and when the collection was taken he gave the medal as his mite; and then when the service was over he told his wife he had to visit a sick friend, but instead he went and spent the whole half dollar in whiskey; and when, as the twilight dews were falling, he emerged from the saloon, he was a sight to make the angels weep, especially when they thought of all the tears that Binks had likewise been weeping at five cents a weep—instead of contributing the money towards sending out another tender missionary to regale the convivial islanders in the South Seas.

Now, as Binks went staggering home, the text (which was that beautiful one about the lilies of the field) kept running in his mind.

As he was thinking over the words, it

chanced that a clergyman was passing, and he looked upon Binks with undisguised horror. He was a dear, nice, good man, this clergyman (so the ladies said, and who would dispute their words?). He was a true Christian and chaplain of a crack regiment, and preached the equality of black men and white, and the sinfulness of refusing to live with a contented mind on bread and water, and so, instead of being disgusted at Binks, as some men might be, he approached him.

"Young man!" he said, "who art thou, and what dost thou do in this sad state of inebriety?"

Binks gave a lurch to leeward and then one to port, made a futile effort to wink, and gave this degrading answer:

"See here, old fellow, I'm a lily of the valley, and I toil not, neither do I spin."

The good clergyman saw his way to making a hit. He was good at making hits. That was his peculiar forte.

"Sinner!" he answered sternly, "you know not what you say. You are toiling along the highroad to destruction, and spinning like a humming-top, on account of the liquor you have guzzled."

The light of a sudden revelation shone upon the unhappy Binks. From that hour he became a reformed man.

Of course he prospered. All good men like him do. He is now the best member of that good minister's church. It was he put on the new roof lately, and I understand he has just got the contract for the new seats; and if ever you attend worship at that church, and hear an extra devout "amen," you may bet your bottom dollar it came from Binks.

Now, my dear children, think of Binks, and go ye and do likewise.

Surely there is more joy over one carpenter who repenteth than ninety-and-nine stone-masons who have no inclination to do so.

## ILLUSTRATIONS TO FAMOUS POEMS.

No. II.



"A creature not too bright and good  
For human nature's daily food."

—Wordsworth.

THE husband of the Princess Louise has been dubbed LL. D. by the Queen's University, which degree he will probably interpret as licensing him further to doctor the laws of the unfortunate country he has been saddled upon.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. XCII.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.



Ya-as, aw Beaufort has arwived in this countwy. He's alweady cwossed the bordah into Canadah, ye know, to do some aw salmon fishing with some play-acting fellows. Doosid bad form,

Jack and I think, but Beaufort, who's not half a bad fellow, always did wun aftah theatwical people, and, now I wemembah, is Pwesident of the "Gween Woom."

I was wathah glad to see him—always wewfeshing to meet in Amerwica fellows belonging to your own set. Weid, who's a knight, or a barwonet, or something of that sort, forms one of the party—don't know him verwy intimately.

The dwamatic individuals who accompany them on this extwaordinarwy twip are named Florwence and Sothorn. Florwence is an Irwishman who, I believe, has learned to speak English verwy wespectably. Sothorn is the fellow who faw a long perwiod has been wewpresenting in Gweat Bwtain and Amerwica a charwactah he styles Lord Dundwearwy. Now there nevah was a weal Dundwearwy—that is to say, I nevah wewcollect hearwng of a family of that name, consequently there can't be one. I have seen this dwama a numbah of times, and I can't wefwain fwom wemarking that I think it a widiculous carwicuare of a certain wariety of English male arwistocwats, and, 'pon my soul, quite wude and uncalled for, ye know.

Jack and I took Beaufort out to the waces, which were tolerwably fair, and he wathah admired the four-in-hands he saw wound about.

Beaufort was a gweat man faw coaching, as everwybody knows. He hunts a gweatdeal, too.

This salmon fishing twip is on an extwemely elaborwate scale. I have weason to believe, Beaufort has bought a whole wivah in Canada to pwactice with Weid and the actor fellows his favorwite amusement.

Cahn't say, howevah, that Beaufort has wisen verwy considerwably in my estimation, he ought to have chosen maw desirwable companions, ye know, faw this expedition to Labwador.

Argyle, Father of Lorne, was also he-ah last week with some membahs of the family. I know the gyurls, they are wathah nice. He was going to see his son John, who, I'm sorwy to say, has been making wathah an a-a-ass of himself in Canada. Only spoke to Argyle, and the two boys he bwought with him, for half-an-hour or so—and aw, indeed, the whole family seemed awfully glad aw wejoiced at finding an old fwriend he-ah.

The Campbell cwowd are quite wespectable, but terwibly Scotch.

I shall pwobably be able to say ta! ta! to them when they pass thwough New York on their weturn home, aw.

CONFIDENTIAL.

JUNE, 10th, 1879.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

It is rumored that the compositors employed upon the *World* and the *Evening Telegram* are about to strike. They will no longer put up the French jokes at the present rates. If you have any of those liquid evidences of grief, known to unculchahed people as tears, prepare to shed them for the suffering public who have been obliged to put those French jokes down.

Yours truly, CURRAN EVANS.



# NIHILISM!

## THE TERRIBLE PERFORMANCES OF THE SOCIALISTIC SPECTRE.

### A DANCE OF DEATH IN RUSSIA.

Shocking Instances of the Revolutionary Power.

Collated for "Puck" by Minister Stoughton.

### A VERY HOT COLLATION.

All for 10 Cents!

IN polite compliance with the wish of Puck, Mr. Clerical E. Stoughton has kindly consented to give to the world his valuable notes on the practical working of the new Nihilistic Government in Russia, which has done what no previous revolutionary attempt has ever accomplished—cast the Emperor from his throne without his knowing it, and knocked into the cocked-hat-edness of chaos a government that still fondly imagines itself in the full exercise of its powers.

If our readers care to hear more of this neat and novel rebellion, conducted in a manner so satisfactory to both parties; we will at some future time lay before them the whole collection of illustrative anecdotes which Mr. Stoughton has kindly placed at our disposal. At present we will content ourselves with a few particularly blood-curdling bits, which may be received at face value, be the same more or less.

#### NIHILISTIC HORROR No. I.

On May 11th, 1879, General Kikup von Kolikoff testified to the excellent state of health in which he found himself by eating, at nine o'clock in the evening, a light supper consisting of spring-chicken, broiled bones, salmon, *sauce mayonnaise*, lobster salad, strawberries and cream, hot muffins, raw tomatoes and vinegar and fresh gingerbread. At 12 p.m. he was dead. His last words were understood to be: "This is the work of the Executive Committee."

#### II.

As General Gashnikoff Tarowitch was taking his usual morning promenade on the Tomkatsch Plaza, about three weeks ago, a mysterious stranger, who had by some means managed to elude the vigilance of the police, walked rapidly up the opposite side of the Place, and, on coming within hearing of the distinguished general, saluted him, uttered, in a loud tone of voice, the words: "Good morning!" and immediately disappeared. The General fell, struck by the poisoned utterance of the stranger, whose conversation was so charged with some deadly Nihilistic essence that it was able to kill at 200 yards range. The General was buried with imposing ceremonies. No trace of the Executive Committee stranger has yet been found.

#### III.

As the Second Deputy Minister of the Wardrobe, Count Jigisupski, was proceeding to his office, the day before yesterday, surrounded by his usual escort, a small Nihilistic boy emerged from an alleyway, and, thrusting aside the first two ranks of guards, aimed an 80-ton Krupp rifled cannon at the head of the Count and fired. When the smoke cleared away, the assassin was no longer visible; the new and beautiful wig of the Minister was blown to atoms, together with several members of the guard of honor, and on the bald and polished cranium of the revered victim of revolutionary

## HELP FOR ARCHBISHOP PURCELL.

### I.

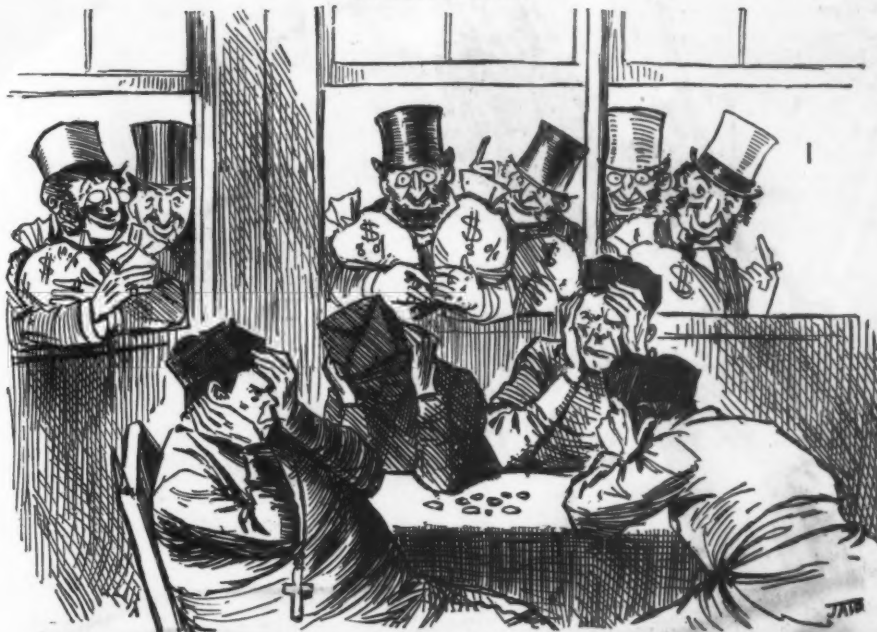
THIS WOULD BE A GOOD DODGE,



AS ECCLESIASTICAL ORGAN-GRINDERS;

### II.

OR BETTER STILL.



SPOKESMAN OF SYNDICATE:—"Vy d'ye bodder yer brainsh, my tears? Ven yer gives us a nice little morgige on dot Catedral, Bruder Purcell shall hafe all der monish he vants. Only a small pershentage a veek—vell, den a mont—shelp me Moses!"

violence was legibly written: "Compliments of the Executive Committee."

#### IV.

On Wednesday, April 23d, 1879, the Baron de Crepitiski, Chief of the Third Assistant Alternative Subordinate Board of Public Works, died at his palatial residence, after a long and painful attack of hereditary diphtheria, heightened by chronic strangulation, at the age of 97 years. Another example of the horrors of the Executive Committee.

#### V.

As Busteraiwitch Bossikoff, a rich land-owner in the province of Perthamboynika, was walking in his garden at the hour of noon, on the 27th day of last month, a sudden earthquake swallowed up all of the unfortunate gentleman except one boot, the left, which, having been already half-soled and heeled, was of but little consolation to his bereaved family. As the earthquake closed up, it was heard to remark: "Executive Committee!"





DRILLING THE ASSISTANTS BEFORE THE JOB IS DONE.

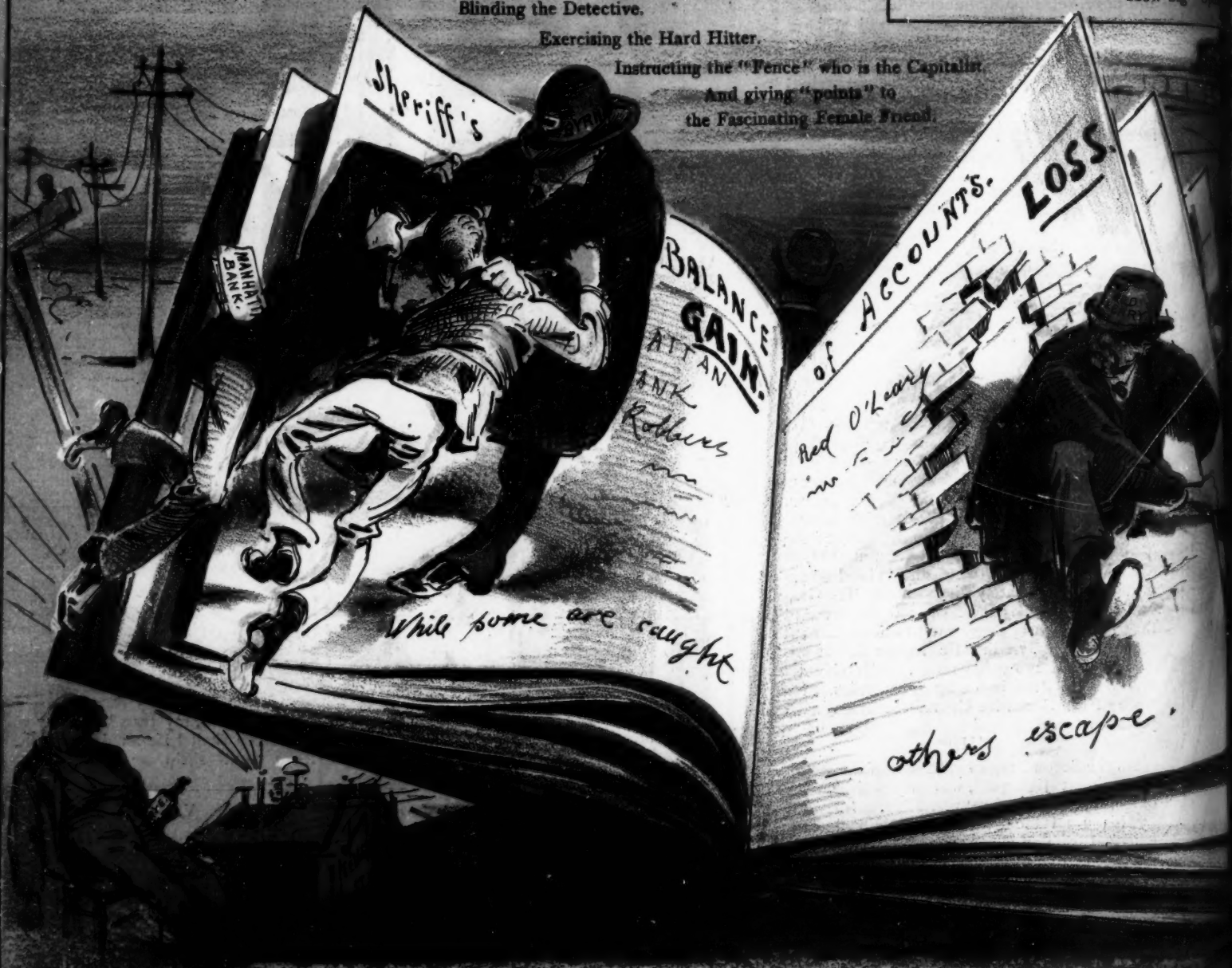
Blinding the Detective.

Exercising the Hard Hitter.

Instructing the "Fence" who is the Capitalist  
And giving "points" to  
the Fascinating Female Friend.



How big "G..."



When the Telegraph (or the Operator) is out of order.

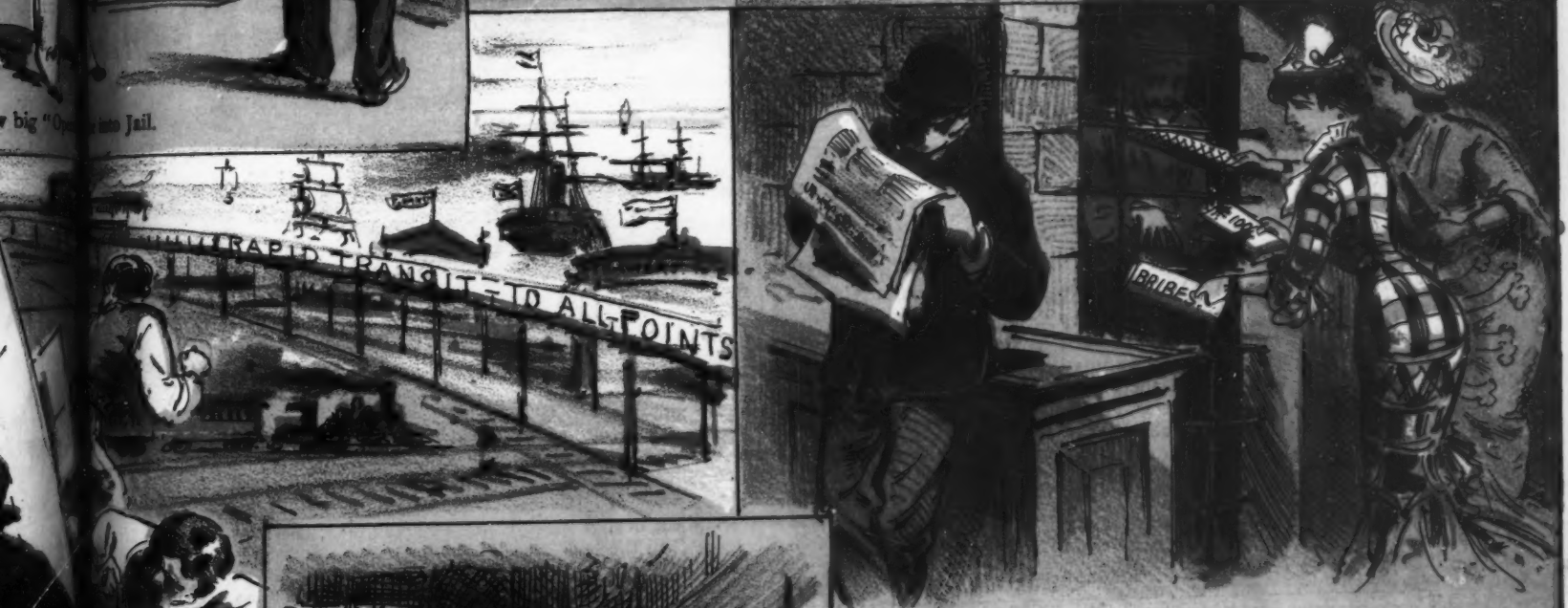


big "O" into Jail.



No Keepers so deaf as those who will not hear.

big "O" into Jail.



No Keepers so blind as those who will not see.

OUR CARS ARE NOT KEPT.



The Stealer of a Loaf of Bread is kept secure.



FINAL—How Big Operators get out of Jail.  
WARDEN: "In this hot weather I have "a feeling" for you. Take the air!"



## THE THEATRES.

Messrs. Koster and Bial's CONCERT HALL is a formidable rival to Coney Island, except in its inability to hold as many people as that popular resort, but it does the best it knows how.

We apologize to the public, but we can't help it. We only wish to remark that "Pinafore"—yes, "Pinafore"—is now being sung at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE by the Saville Opera Troupe. The Saville Show is a good show, and this is all we have the nerve to say on this painful subject.

PUCK often strolls into the MADISON SQUARE GARDEN and listens to the music discoursed by Dodworth and his scarlet-coated band—and, strange to say, it always does him good. Many desirable improvements have been made in the GARDEN, and the programme is well got up and edited by Mess. Warden and North.

Miss Ada Cavendish has been having it all her own way at WALLACK'S, and on Thursday night, last, in "Miss Gwilt" proved that she had every right to. Miss Cavendish is not particularly strong on blank verse. Her inflections are uncertain, and her utterance not always marked by distinctness. This is the reason we did not feel called upon to rave about her performance of As-you-like-it *Rosalind* and Hunchback *Julia*. Sheridan Knowles, if anything, fared worse than Shakspeare at her hands. But in "Miss Gwilt" Miss Cavendish found her emotional level. As in her *Mercy Merrick* it was at once manifest that the peculiarly anomalous sort of woman that Wilkie Collins loves to draw had found a good interpreter. "Miss Gwilt" is not a nice play. Indeed it isn't strictly a play at all. It is more like a number of chapters of "Armada," acted for the benefit of those who hadn't read the book. A novel can never be successfully dramatized for obvious reasons, and therefore "Miss Gwilt" isn't a successful drama. But there is enough action in it, especially in the fourth and fifth acts to keep up a morbid sort of interest in the chemical details until the curtain falls. Miss Cavendish committed the crimes with the corresponding repentance, and was quite the Correct Kibosh in her portrayal of anguish and remorse. Mr. Weaver made a wily *Dr. Downward* and from the manner in which he gets poisoned by the air, we should say that his Sanatorium must have been located somewhere in the neighborhood of Hunter's Point. Mr. *Midwinter* Wheelock quite reconciled us to the gloomy character, and Mr. *Armada* Lee was fitted to his part. The scenery was appropriately Wilkie Collinsy—and the piece ought to draw in spite of hot weather.

## BEECHER IN CANADA.

[From the Ottawa (Canada) Herald.]

WE cannot say we admire the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, in fact we never did regard him with any great feeling of respect; and the figure he cut at Montreal last Saturday has completely robbed him of what little regard we may have had for him on account of his acknowledged abilities. Indeed, we may say, apart from the sentimentality of the thing, that the visit he paid to Canada, and the guise in which he came, could not be in worse taste. However that may be, we have good reason to know that Mr. Beecher is the open, avowed, uncompromising enemy of the working classes, and that no man has more bitterly opposed their efforts to better their condition than he. Nor is the fact unknown or

## A HUMANE IDEA.



DOG OWNER:—"It's a pity to muzzle these dogs this hot weather; so, Doctor, I want you to pull all their teeth. Where there's no teeth there won't be no hydrophoby, I reckon."

unresented, and we should deeply regret that even by implication, Canadian patriotism should be soiled by contact with such a political and moral leper as this man Beecher. We read in the review of Saturday's review at Montreal, that the Princess Louise shook hands with him. We hope this is not true, for, albeit some of us Canadians are uncouth in our ways, we are clean, and would loathe to think of the first lady in our land in contact with this person. The only thing that relieves the exhibition at Montreal of its repulsiveness is its absurdity, and we are sure no one felt this more than the British and Canadian gentlemen who had to endure it. Were our American friends to visit us on Dominion Day, we could understand the generous feeling that would prompt a kindred people to encourage by their presence and good wishes, the efforts of a young country in its struggle toward nationality; but there is neither wisdom nor good taste in a visit of the descendants of successful rebels to British soil, to do honor to the Queen of England. The whole thing savors of toadyism to that shadowy loyalty, which, for good reasons, it pleases Canadians to maintain as a part of their institutions. If we are loyal to the British crown, it is because we enjoy self-government to the fullest extent compatible with our state of development as a people. Should this state of affairs be altered to our disadvantage at any time, the shadow would very soon disappear from the shores of Canada. International courtesies are always pleasing, but we do not want them extended through such an arrant, ranting, hypocritical humbug as Henry Ward Beecher while there are accredited gentlemen of character and culture among the citizens of the great republic.

THE charity which prompts a dying miser to found an orphan asylum is about as praiseworthy as the generosity of the man who offers ten dollars reward for the return of a lost purse that had in it five golden eagles.

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

LUCY LONG.—If you smile on us again like that, we can't say what we shall do. Your wealth of complimentary language overwhelms us. We feel like a hog-head of molasses traversed by a titillating current of electricity. We are glad you like us, Lucy.

RED O'LEARY.—The desire of your heart will be gratified. "The History of Oireland" has been wooing oblivion for some weeks; but it will soon shine forth in all its transcendent glory. Mr. McBallywhack is aroused from his slumbers, and he will tune up the harp that once, in an early issue.

G. FARNSWORTH.—It is a matter of the sincerest regret to us that we have no need of a base-ball correspondent in Detroit. Had we any use for one, you would unquestionably be our choice. And we would pay you, Mr. Farnsworth, in spite of your pathetic asseveration that you "do not do this as a way to make money"—we would pay you royally. We always pay our base-ball correspondents from \$5,273 to \$9,825.37 a year for their services. It might look mean if we didn't. We love base-ball, Mr. Farnsworth. It is a sweet game. Yet somehow we have a species of prejudice—something born within us, as it were—something hereditary—against the particular variety of base-ball they play in Detroit, and we don't want to hear anything about it. So we are obliged, read our heartstrings though it may, to decline your polite offer.

BALUSTRIS.—You state:

"When Spring with yearnings strange fills all my breast,  
Far in the forest depths I wander singing."

Which appears to be a lie. If you did, we shouldn't say anything. You may wander as far in the forest depths as you want to, and sing all you know how; but you can't come around this office and vocalise your yearn—not this spring, anyway.



# ARCHIE GASCOYNE,

## A ROMANCE OF SKYE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK,

BY

JOHN FRASER,

AUTHOR OF

"Effie: a Tale of Two Worlds;" "Essays from the Westminster;" "Duncan Fenwick's Daughter;"  
"Fair Fragoletta;" "Scottish Chapbooks;" "A Dream of a Life;"  
"Legends of Lorne;" "Lone Glengartney,"  
etc., etc., etc.

(Continued.)

INTO this seat the artful Doctor proceeded with great gallantry to assist Miss Macdonald. Possibly for the reasons just indicated it was her favorite seat, and, as she took his hand, she thanked the Doctor with a smile that sent his impressionable Hibernian heart throbbing like a 500 horse-power steam engine.

Of course he was about to follow—taking the position as his by right, and undoubtedly he would have succeeded had not Campbell, who had viewed the proceedings with ill-disguised apprehension and disgust, adroitly intervened. Touching his friend on the shoulder as he was putting his foot on the step he whispered:

"Bob, is that your pipe there?"

Now it happened that Bob was the happy possessor of a very old, very black and very handsome meerschaum, of which he was inordinately proud, and which, in moments of hilarity, he was accustomed to boast of as one of the 'family heirlooms of the Macs—yes, sir, of the Macs, sir, of Ballinäslooby.' With a frightened start Bob turned round with an angry and doubtful

"Where?"

"Why, there," said Campbell, pointing to a black object lying on the road some two or three yards behind, and sure enough there was the pipe-case, or a pipe-case, on the spot indicated.

Bob hesitated one moment, half turned his head towards the carriage, then, with a muttered something that sounded curiously like "Hang it," but wasn't exactly that, made for the pipe. He was only an instant—a flash of lightning could hardly have been quicker; but when he turned Campbell was seated by the lady's side, and the luckless owner of the meerschaum was fain to take a seat beside Mrs. Macdonald.

As he mounted the steps, however, he turned a suspicious look at his friend, and flushed to the roots of his hair as he caught an amused expression on Miss Macdonald's face, and a particularly suggestive and knowing look in that lady's eye.

But Bob's temperament was of too easy and mercurial a kind to allow itself to be long overcast, and in a few minutes he was rattling away volubly and in the best of spirits.

It was now evening, drawing well on to dark—what, in their poetical idiom, the Kelts call the "Mouth of Night"—and the air had grown chilly and cold. The fact suggested to our hero the propriety of offering his ulster to his companion, but she laughingly refused.

"Why, what an idea, Mr. Campbell! We Highland girls are made of sterner stuff than your lowland lassies."

But Campbell persisted, politely, of course, but with that amount of firmness that was one of his characteristics, and, particularly as the air was really chilly, the young girl at last consented; and indeed, as Archie had a spare coat in the shape of a Highland cloak for himself, she could not well refuse.

But if the air was cold the scenery was supremely beautiful, with the sloping hills on the right and the green sea to the left, with many a tree-embowered hamlet and farm steading between, and the setting sun dyeing the sky and sea in one blaze of crimson and purple and gold.

To the beauties of the drive, however, Campbell, although by nature a poet, and consequently a lover of nature, was supremely indifferent. For the present his thoughts were occupied with a nearer and, to him, fairer subject, and it was in vain that Miss Macdonald tried to awaken his enthusiasm for the scenery by pointing out its beauties.

"Yes, indeed, they are lovely," he would respond in an absent sort of way, as she directed his attention to some new beauty, but as he spoke his eyes wandered in the direction of hers, and it required no magician to tell what it was he considered "lovely."

If the truth must be told, and Archie being our hero we confess it with sorrow, he was awkwardly silent and *distract*; so much so that his companion was almost inclined to set him down as an unimpressionable, unduly reserved and phlegmatic young man, whose soul was bound up in Plato and Euclid, and to whom the "primrose by the river bank" was only a primrose.

We say she felt "almost inclined" at times to think so, but she had only to look into his face to feel that that was impossible.

Reserved certainly in that unconsciously proud, aristocratic way which betokens what is technically called "blood," his face was; stern, too, in repose beyond the habit of youth, and somewhat imperious and quick in expression withal, particularly when excited; but intellectual beyond a doubt, and, as undoubtedly, poetic.

It has become the fashion now-a-days to make one's heroes, if not positively ugly, at any rate "plain;" with that very exceptional plainness, however, which possesses the peculiar power of developing or lighting up into positive beauty at such times as the author thinks it would be effective to have it do so.

To this fashion—which, after all, is but a natural revolt from that of the older school of novelists, whose heroes were all Apollos and gods—we should gladly defer, were it not that, this being a strictly veracious story, a regard for truth compels us to state that Archie Campbell was *not* plain.

We are sorry to disappoint such of our fair readers who, by reason of much reading of fiction of the "Rhoda Broughton" and "Guy Livingstone" type, have been inoculated with a passion for ugly Herculeases, but the interests of truth are paramount—even over those of sex, and in this narrative those interests "must and shall be respected." But this is a digression.

Our hero, then, as we have said, was *not* plain; more than that, he was what his elders would have called a strikingly handsome boy. Tall and slim, though with a slimness that betokened not weakness but youth; with a well-

formed head thrown somewhat proudly back; a strikingly intellectual face, stern in repose, but when moved to active expression peculiarly winning and sweet, Archie Campbell was a man whom few—certainly no woman—could pass in the street without remark. He wore his thick, brown, wavy hair brushed well back from the temples, and at certain times his dark blue eyes had a quick and piercing expression, as if trying, and not unsuccessfully, to read one's very soul. We should add that he almost never lost his temper, his powers of self-command being exceptionally great; but—although the circumstance may seem so trifling as to be almost ridiculous—those who knew him could always tell when he was angered by a red spot that suddenly flushed the bridge of his nose, which, by the way, was almost, but not altogether Roman in shape.

And here we may take the opportunity of asking why it is that so many poets and novelists, even good ones, seem to shrink from mentioning the noses of their heroes and heroines? They are always ready enough to dilate on the nasal organs of their villains, but those of their heroines particularly they leave religiously alone. There surely ought to be nothing of the ridiculous attaching to a nose, which is quite the most prominent and salient feature of the human face divine. A man may look handsome or a woman beautiful who has a large mouth, or even a cast in the eye, but with a pug or a broken or twisted nose—never.

Yet lovers, in describing to you the beauties of their mistresses, confine their eulogiums exclusively to their blue eyes, their ruby lips, their dainty little mouths, their golden hair and azure eyes and rosy cheeks, but their noses—never.

But we are drifting into questions too purely philosophical and abstract for fiction of so modest a nature as this, and we refrain from pursuing the enquiry further. Only, distinctly to show that we have the courage of our convictions, we repeat that our hero's nose was of the Græco-Roman type, and a very presentable nose at that.

Such being her companion's appearance, it was hardly possible for Miss Macdonald, although she was no great judge of character, to construe his reserve and indifference into anything approaching boorishness or want of poetic sympathy. It is more than likely, indeed, that she had her own reasons for being, to say the least of it, *not* dissatisfied with his air of restraint. However this may be, they had not gone many miles on their journey when, turning suddenly upon him, she said:

"Don't you smoke, Mr. Campbell?"

"Never—in the presence of ladies."

"What! have you no sisters?"

"Oh! sisters, you know, don't count."

"I didn't think of that, but I'm not your brother, and—and—well, to confess the truth, I don't regret it."

"Not regret it! really how strange! And pray, Mr. Campbell, why *not* regret it? Are the Macdonalds so distasteful to your English ideas that?"

"Excuse my interrupting you. You *know* I didn't mean anything like that; but—well—as I live, there's the Doctor has taken out his cigar-case. He *can't* be going to smoke."

And in this way the unfortunate youth sought to escape from the dilemma, but he didn't.

"O, so he is; the Doctor is more sensible than you, and we all like smoking—we're so used to it, you know; Alister *does* smoke so heavily. Now *do*, Mr. Campbell, if only to oblige me"—emphasis on the 'me'—"do take out your pipe."

"Pipe!" exclaimed Archie with horror, "I should never dream of such a thing."

"Why not, pray? I greatly prefer the odor of light tobacco—Turkey tobacco, Alister calls



it—to that of a cigar. Now *do* light your pipe."

A sudden suspicion flashed across Archie's mind, and he turned quickly to look at her; but the face was as demure as an uncommonly pretty face ever can be—with a demureness, however, that was a trifle overdone, and was belied by the mischievous expression of the eyes. But Archie was in no mood to make fine distinctions, and it was with a feeling of relief that he replied:

"But, Miss Macdonald, the truth is I have no pipe."

"What! I thought you had quite a number of pipes."

"What could have made you think so?" exclaimed Archie, with genuine surprise.

"Oh! nothing," she replied, with a look of such distracting knowingness and archness, and a smile of maddening amusement that almost drove the young man frantic. "Oh! nothing," she continued, toying in an affectedly absent way with the fringe of her necktie, "only"—

"Only what?" stammered Archie, almost unable to speak.

"Only—that—I—thought—you must have quite a number of pipes to be able—to afford—to—throw one away on the road."

\* \* \*

What happened during the rest of the drive; what she said; what he said; what anybody or everybody said or did, Archie never could tell; but if ever a man felt grateful to get to a journey's end, it was he.

To make matters worse, Alister, who occupied a seat on the box beside John, and had passed a very agreeable and instructive hour in discussing horseflesh and kindred subjects with the coachman, happened to introduce the subject of pipes. Turning round on his seat and looking down upon his brother he said:

"By the way, Kenneth, I hope you have brought some *good* meerschaums with you this time; those you brought before were beastly."

And so it began, and the conversation turning that way gave the Doctor a glorious opportunity for the introduction in state of his favorite meerschaum—the heirloom of the Macs of Ballinasloyboys.

"There!" cried Bob proudly, as he took the fatal case from his pocket and proceeded to open it, "there is a pipe—why, Campbell!"—

He said no more; in an instant he understood Archie's trick, for it was Archie's pipe, and the look he cast at its rightful owner would have withered the hide of a rhinoceros. But Bob was seldom unequal to the occasion. His face almost instantly recovered its usual look of philosophic composure, and with a little laugh, the awkwardness of which only Miss MacDonald and Archie detected, he said:

"Why, I thought I had left all my rubbish behind—here goes!"

And he threw the pipe and case into the ditch; after which he proceeded calmly to trot out the Simon pure and dilate upon its merits.

[It was Archie's best pipe, and *really* an heirloom, so his feelings may be guessed. They must have strongly resembled those of the two swells in the "Lady of Lyons" when they see Claude Melnotte dispose in such an off-hand way of their property. But it served Archie right.]

That night Campbell kept studiously aloof from Bob, and Bob from Campbell, and both from Miss MacDonald, and the Professor couldn't for the life of him make out the reason of the air of constraint that suddenly seemed to pervade the company.

Only Miss Maggie knew, and there was a mischievous, but very pleasant and self-satisfied twinkle in her eyes all the evening. As they

were retiring to bed that night Effie, who always slept with Maggie, suddenly clapped her hands and exclaimed:

"Oh! Maggie, isn't he just awfully nice?"

Her sister blushed as she answered:

"I haven't thought about it, dear, but I rather like him."

"Rather like him! Come, now, that's too good; why, he's just a duck, and I adore him already. He promised to take me out in the boat to-morrow, and has already written some beautiful verses in my praise."

"He has! Who has?" cried her astonished sister, with a puzzled expression on her lovely face.

"Who has?" echoed Effie, mimicking her, "why, the Doctor, of course—who else *could* it be?"

"Oh—yes—the Doctor, of course. *Who else could it be?*"

And the sisters went to sleep with a smile on their young faces, and had one of them been awake, she might have heard the other murmur in her sleep, "Who else could it be?" But which is the one and which the other we leave it to our readers to guess.

#### CHAPTER IX.

O! love! love! laddie,  
Love's like a dizziness!  
It winna let a pair body  
Gang about her business!

—Hogg.

IN spite of the fatigues of the day, Archie wakened early next morning, fresh as a lark. He was always an early riser, even when in town, and now that he was in the country, and such a country as Skye, he had made up his mind to spend as little time indoors as possible. Accordingly six o'clock found him, alert and fresh, enjoying the coolness of the morning air and the grateful odors of flower and shrub and salt sea wind in the sea-washed garden.

But in spite of the freshness of the morning and the beauty of the scenery, he felt far from well. His mind, like Eugene Aram's, was "ill at ease;" that pipe weighed heavily upon it. He felt uncomfortably conscious that he had made a fool of himself, and that Miss MacDonald knew it and was secretly laughing at him; and there are few things a young fellow of brains hates more than to be laughed at. He regretted, too, that he had concealed his name.

To sail under false colors is always distasteful to a gentleman, and it was doubly so to Archie, now that he had met Miss MacDonald, and, in a vague sort of way, fallen in love with her.

Although not actually, or at any rate, consciously in love, there was no doubt that he had been very considerably impressed by her appearance and manners. More than that, he was piqued; and nothing gives so much zest and interest to the relations of two young people of opposite sexes—particularly when both are not only "young and handsome," but talented as well—than the belief on either or both sides that the other is secretly laughing at him or her.

So it came about, as has been said, that in spite of the fineness of the morning Archie was in anything but an enviable frame of mind, and it was with what sounded very like a mild imprecation that he stumbled across something and barely escaped a fall. The something in question was an easel, and on it a half-finished sketch in oil. One look was sufficient to satisfy the wanderer that the picture, crude and incomplete as it was, had merit. An artist himself, his eye was quick to appreciate a "good thing," and he knew at a glance that the sketch before him was all that.

(To be continued.)



### Puck's Exchanges.

#### MARK TWAIN'S HOTEL.

Having lately opened a hashery, I send you these my rules and regulations:

This house will be considered strictly temperate. None but the brave deserve the fare. Persons owing bills for board will be bored for bills. Boarders who do not wish to pay in advance are requested to advance and pay. Boarders are expected to wait on colored cooks for meals. Sheets will be nightly changed once in six months, or more if necessary. Double boarders can have two beds with a room in it, or two rooms with a bed in it, as they choose. Boarders are requested to pull off their boots if they can conveniently do so. Beds with or without bugs. All moneys and other valuables are to be left in the care of the proprietor. This is to be insisted on, as he will be responsible for no other losses. Inside matter will not be furnished editors under any consideration. Relatives coming to make a six months' visit will be welcomed; but when they bring half their household furniture, virtue will cease to be forbearance. Single men with their families will not be boarded. Beds with or without board. Dreams will be charged for by the dozen. Nightmares will be furnished at reasonable rates. Stone walls will be furnished to snoring boarders, and the proprietor will in no wise be responsible for the broken tin-pan-ums of other ears.

#### NAUGHTY CHICAGO.

"My dear," said Miss Clara Morris to Mr. Clara Morris, at the Palmer House, the other day, "are you quite ready for dinner?"

"Awfully quite, my love."

"Have you laid out the paste diamond for the chambermaid to steal?"

"Yes, ducky."

"And written the usual note to the chief of police ready for mailing?"

"Everything regular, my pet."

"And ordered a nice, gentle horse to run away with me to-morrow?"

"Yes, dear."

"And sent those marked copies of the 'moxa' operation to the Sunday papers?"

"Certainly."

"And did you tell that reporter I intended to buy a two hundred thousand dollar banana plantation somewhere?"

"All attended to, sweetest."

"Then let us look unhappy and go down."

—Danbury News.

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cat nip?  
shoe brush?

What did the | book cover?  
door jam?  
button hook?

—Rome Sentinel.



MOTTO of the Southern Brigadiers—"Dulce et decorum est pro patria more-rye.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

WOULD it not be proper, when speaking of Judge Lynch, to say: "His Hemperial Highness"?—*N. Y. News.*

A CABINET-MAKER usually takes a bird's-eye view of maple before he purchases any of that kind of wood.—*N. Y. News.*

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